

poor acknowledgements are ineffectual to requite such services.

Sir, answered Strephon, you extol too much a proceeding that was no more than just and proper. It was in my power to serve you, it was therefore my duty.

I think as you do, my worthy benefactor, replied the old gentleman; your maxims are the same as mine. I enjoy as much pleasure, in receiving as you in conferring this favour. In bestowing life and honour to my son, you have bestowed it upon me. At these words, sighs interrupted his speech, I know you have a son, resumed Strephon, and that you are unhappy at his conduct; it is, I confess, an afflicting circumstance, but he is young, and may return from his errors: he is your son, and virtue cannot be totally extinguished in his heart. Some imprudence, perhaps— Pardon me, Sir, can I be of service to you? I have friends; I will do all—

All! cried the old Gentleman, you have done all—thanks to your generosity, all is retrieved. My imprudent son had contracted for five hundred pounds, and could not perform his contract at the time appointed. He had borrowed this sum at an extravagant interest; he was threatned to be pursued at law. I applied to the creditor, and proposed unexceptionable security; I asked indulgence only for a short time, but he would hear nothing
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there was no softening the barbarian would not deign to hearken to a father who was imploring for his son. I would have done any thing to have served my child, on the point of being arrested and sent to prison, to breathe the hair of mercy. It is you, suffer me to repeat it, it is you that has preserved us both; and the Omnipotent, it is you that I claim my life and honour; it is you that claim my life and my prayers.

Strephon conducted the grateful Doriman to a corner where he had sat himself down. An old gentleman happened to cast his eyes upon him, and perceiving him as he was trembling and turned pale. Take care, said the uncle, (disguising his anger, and penetrating into the cause) that is not to be not afraid of his committing any action. The good old Gentleman, having no other notion, squeezing the hand of his nephew, endeavoured to speak, but could not; his timidity overcame him.

Strephon returned without speaking, looking at Doriman. His eyes were cast upon the ground, as if he had been looking at a despicable wretch that had ruined an unfortunate father.

From the behaviour of Doriman, Strephon was convinced that he was the villain.